

ALIEN WORLDS™

#2

In This Issue:

AURORA

by

Dave Stevens





STRATOSPHERIC SCRIBBLINGS

Welcome to the second issue of *Alien Worlds*.

Before we get into this month's contents, we'd like to offer our sincerest apologies to **Al Williamson** for the absence of credits on last issue's lead story, "The Few and the Far." He, author **Bruce Jones**, colorist **Steve Oliff**, and letterer **Ed King** were omitted in a last-minute printing error and, while we freely acknowledge that, generally speaking, "the buck stops here," sometimes that buck stretches beyond even our control. **Williamson** fans were hardly dismayed, however; even if **Al** hadn't signed the last two panels of the story, his spectacular style is immediately recognizable world-wide.

Someone else who is rapidly attaining global stature with his remarkable renderings of Art Deco biplanes and sweater-straining nymphets is *Rocketeer* artist **Dave Stevens**. Accolades ranging from "a born genius" to "the new Frazetta" abound, and fortuitous indeed is the Pacific line to have discovered such virtuosity in the sunny Hollywood hills. *Alien Worlds* echoes that fortune with our opening feature. That "Aurora" is stunningly executed goes without saying: that it was accomplished when the artist was only twenty-one is downright unforgivable, especially for those of us who have been laboring in the field a good deal longer than **Stevens**. Moebius fans will recognize the European artist's influence throughout the pages of "Aurora," and they were an intentional tribute, though no longer part of **Stevens'** current work. "I don't draw that way now," **Stevens** told us. "I didn't draw that way then, really. I was just experimenting."

Experimentation is the operative word when it comes to the work of **Ken Steacy**, and in both *Alien Worlds* and our sister publication, *Twisted Tales*, **Steacy** has taken that word to the limit, particularly in the area of color. There are those in the business who insist that **Steacy** has no peer when applying chromatic skills and we are tempted to concur. "Vicious Circle" is our first attempt at a wordless, cap-

tionless story, and much of its success must be laid at the feet of **Steacy's** coruscating palette and his tight, linear pacing. **Steacy** fans are burgeoning across the land, and we are proud to be at least partly responsible for that happy proliferation.

Our wind-up feature, "A Mind of Her Own," is editor **Bruce Jones'** first published artwork in more months than he would care to remember. Writing and editing chores have left far too little time for illustrating lately, and, while executing the aforementioned job was hardly like pulling teeth, there was more than a little need of oil on some acutely rusty joints. Suffice it to say that co-editor **Campbell** nudged him through the rough spots.

And there you have it for *Alien* two.

At this writing, our first issue is just hitting the stores, and we are awaiting with eager anticipation your comments on our efforts. For those inclined to do so, the address is:

STRATOSPHERIC SCRIBBLINGS
8423 Production Ave.
San Diego, CA 92121-2278

The formation of an *Alien Worlds* fan club is not beyond the realm of possibility. Nor is the existence of a companion magazine in this genre, perhaps one with more emphasis on the word *fantasy*. The sky—the stars—are the limit. But if science fiction readers want their own graphic story magazine, they must be heard! Spread the word, tell a friend, demand that anthology fiction have a place on the shelf among the boys in Technicolor tights and flapping capes. It's up to you. This could easily be the dawning of a whole new epoch. . . .

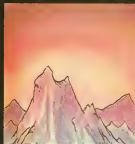
Lean back now, buckle in, leave your worries and cares among the Earthbound. The boosters are warmed up and the throttle's just under your fingers . . . eyes right, and we're on our way. . . .

Bruce Jones
Editor

ALIEN WORLDS, Vol. 1, No. 2, May, 1983. Published bimonthly by Pacific Comics. Bruce Jones and April Campbell, Editors. Steve and Bill Schanes, Publishers. Kevin Montano and Jon Hartz, Circulation Managers. Office of Publication, 8423 Production Avenue, San Diego, California 92121, U.S.A., (619) 566-3290. *ALIEN WORLDS*™ is copyrighted ©1983 Bruce Jones. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the copyright holder. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine and any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. "Aurora" is copyrighted ©1983 by Bruce Jones and Dave Stevens. "Vicious Circle" is copyrighted ©1983 by Bruce Jones and Ken Steacy. "A Mind of Her Own" is copyrighted ©1983 by Bruce Jones. Cover art is copyrighted ©1983 by Dave Stevens. Printed in Canada.

THANK, CLIFF!

DAVE STEVEN



THE AURORA BOREALIS, A HEAVENLY PHENOMENON CONCEIVED FROM SWIRLS OF LIGHT CONVEYING HIGH IN THE SKY, THE CHARGED PARTICLES EJECTED BY THE SUN TRAVEL DOWN LINES OF FORCE IN THE PLANET'S MAGNETIC FIELD HITTING AND EXCITING THE ATMOSPHERIC PARTICLES...



SUCH THE MATE WITH THE LEGIONS OF THE ROMAN AURORE, WHO TRAVELED THROUGH THE CENTURES EXCITING LISTENERS YOUNG AND OLD.



WHERE A BAND OF WEARY TRAVELERS HAD JUST SETTLED THEMSELVES FOR AN OVERNIGHT REST...

THE EARLIEST SUCH TALE BEGAN ON A NUMBERLESS PLANET IN A FAR-FLUNG LAND...



FROM THE SURROUNDING THOUGHT A STATE OF FLAME AND NOISE STOPPED SUDDENLY, CONFINEDLY BEHIND THE FORTIFIED GROUP...

"IT WILL DANCE FOR ITS JUPITER, AND ANSWERED, DRILLING, 'IF YOU WILL PLAY FOR ME...'



AURORA





CALVIN EFFICIENTLY THE GOLD-HAIRED BEAUTY SLIPS INTO MORE PRACTICAL ATTIRE—ONE EYE BLIND TO THE HEAVENS (UPPER JOH).





SOME SOMETIMES I
WISH I THEY REALLY
APPROPRIATE U.S. UNK. I
NEARLY I WOULD JUDGE
ON THOSE DRUGS LESIONS.

HEY, WHAT'S THAT
DOWN THERE, A
GUY?



HAND
ME A
B.L.S.
UNK.



"I KNOW HER AN OUT
SIDER. JUST HAND
ME A RUBBY"



YOU KNOW, YOU'VE
NEARLY DO THIS A
DOZEN TIMES. I
DON'T KNOW WHY
YOU HAVE TO MAKE
SUCH A BIG DEAL
OUT OF IT?



"NOT IT!"

YOU MAY FEEL
NEED TO APLAUD
AT ANY TIME.
UNK...



"WELL, ANYWAY, THAT
GUY DOWN THERE
APPROPRIATED IT"



"HEY! HEY!
LOOK DUTY!"

ALWAYS ADVENTURES TRAIL OFF...
THE YOUTH IS QUITE HANDSOME...
ESPECIALLY FOR AN OUTSIDER.



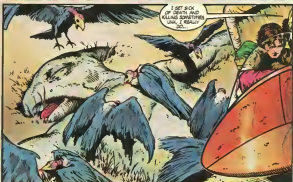
LOOK AT BLOODY MEGA
AND THE SCOTS. JEK. BLAS
RIGHT UNDER THE...



YOU (DON'T) HAVE
GASSET? PERSONAL. ABBENT
YOU (DON'T) WANT?

ALWAYS, ASCENDINGLY THE GREAT HUNTING
CURCASS IS BASED OFF THE SLANT
FORM OF THE YOUNG MAN...

...THE BERRY SLANT FORM...





BOTH THEIR DESTINATION COVERS AND VIEW, NESTLED HIGH AMONG THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS, THE HOUSE CHIEF APPEARS AS TITANIC AS THE ROCK IT WAS BUILT UPON.

AUREA HOPS HER WAY TOWARD THE HALLWAY OPENING...



NOW IF WE CAN JUST GET OUR GUEST HERE WITHOUT RAISING TOO MUCH OF A STIR...



I'VE GOT AN INJURED MAN NOW. HE LIKES I WANT HIM GIVEN FULL MEDICAL TREATMENT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



MISSION COMPLETED. PLEASE DO LIKE A HOT BATH NOW...



ONE MOMENT, AUREA, AND HAVE A WORD WITH YOU...

CANT IT WAIT? I'VE BEEN BURNING OVER A HOT ROCKET! ALL DAY!

NOW SINCE YOU'RE BEING VERY WELL AND, YOU KNOW THE POLICY REGARDING OUTSIDE IN THE CITY...

SO I FORGET, SO BUT ME, CAN I GO NOW?



THIS PARTICULAR OUTSIDE, IT BEING IS A SUFFICIENTLY PLACED IN THE BACKEND SO THAT A TENDER-HEARTED YOUNG EARTH WILL, LIKE YOU WOULD FORK UP, UP, WE WOULD ENOUGH WEAPONS ON NOW TO KILL A DOZEN OLYMPIANS! YOU WILL PLEASE DEPART NOW IMMEDIATELY.



OLD WINDBAG.



(SHEE) THERE HE IS, ALL NEUTRAL AND TRUSTING AND BLATANT...



ONLY AURORA GET ON WITH IT!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GET BUSY WITH ANYONE THESE DAYS...

ESPECIALLY AN EMERY SPY, EVEN ONE WITH LONG Wavy HAIR AND BROAD SHOULDERS AND...



BROWN EYES?



DON'T TELL ME, LET ME GUESS—

THEY TOLD YOU I WAS A SPY RIGHT? THEY TOLD YOU I WAS PLANTED OUT THERE IN THE FIELD JUST WAITING FOR A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GREEN-EYED BEAUTY TO SWEEP BY AND RESCUE ME. RIGHT AM I, RIGHT?

MY EYES ARE BLUE...



AND YOU ARE RIGHT. YOU'RE ALSO A SPY...



AM I? THEN WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK THAT BLATANT BEHIND YOUR BACK AND KILL ME?

ABOUT THOSE YOUR ORDER? (BUT THAT WIFE WHOSE YOU ORDER? HOLD ON!)

ARE YOU COMING BACK?



WHY ARE YOU THAT ANGRY TO ME?





"I'VE GOT SOME
A FEW DAYS' WORTH
WELL, SURE, SOMETHING
SOMEONE'S GONNA
DO HERE."



A PULSE—HER NAME IS
SPROKEN INSIDE, PUTTING
HER EAR TO THE DOOR,
SHE CONTINUES...



"I TELL YOU SHE SUSPECTS NOTHING! THE LITTLE
BUTTER IS CONVINCED SHE'S DOING IT ALL FOR THE
BETTER. FUSIONING HER, HONORABLE OF CONVICTION! AS SUCH, SHE'S BEEN UNAVAILABLE TO US..."



"HED YOU REMEMBER HOW MANY SLICES AND
WINDSTOVEN SHE'S KILLED? AND NOW, ONE OF
THE MURDERERS! IF SHE CONTINUES AT THE
FACE, THE GUESS OF THIS PEOPLE WILL BE OURS
FOR THE THUNDER, AND WHO WILL LEAVE A HAND
ALONGSIDE? IT'S AND SHE—THERE'LL ALL BE
DEAD BY NEXT MARCH."



DEAR GOD
...AND?



"I TELL YOU, KAPPA, THERE IS ABSOLUTELY
NO CHANCE FOR HONOR! NONE AT ALL!"

"I HAVE NOT, IVE SPENT
A GOOD PORTION OF MY
CAREER, ITCHING YOUR HEAD ON
THE FRONT OF (SOMEONE'S) STUNTS
AND CONES..."

"...I'D HATE TO THINK
OF IT STUCK OUT IN
THE COURTYARD
ON A POLE!"

"YOU HAVE A
SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL
OF THE LOCAL LANGUAGE,
KAPPA, BUT AN OVER-
ALLING IMAGINATION
OF DOWN AND TOWN."



"...HED TO...DUNO."



WHILE BACK AT THE SUPERDOME, THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE BARBERSHOP WAS GIVEN UP WAITING FOR ALONSO'S RETURN AND WONDERED WHY...



AND RIGHT NOW YOU'RE ABOUT ALL I'VE GOT!



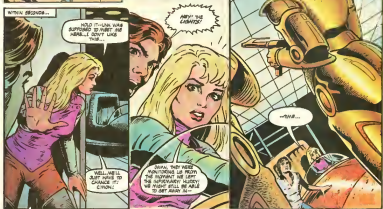
NEED WHAT SUBST? WHY ARE YOU?

NEED? WELL, NOW THE LIST ON YOU WALK ON IT?

I CAN RUN ON IT IF IT MEANS SETTING OUT OF HERE!

BUT ANY THE SUDEN CHANGE OF HEART? DON'T TELL ME THE COUNCIL DISCOVERED MY STORY...OR IS THIS JUST A TRICK?

BUT IF IT IS YOU BETTER BELIEVE ME—I'M ALL YOU'VE GOT!



WITHIN SECONDS...

HOLD IT—LANK WAS SUPPOSED TO INJECT ME HERE—I DON'T LIKE THIS!

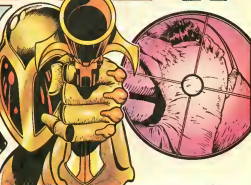
AREN'T THE LIGHTS?

WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CHANGE IT! C'MON!

SURE, THEY WERE MONITORING US FROM THE SUPERDOME, BUT WE LEFT THE SUPERDOME! HURRY! WE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY IN—

—AND...







OH MY GOD! SOMETHING'S GONE!



OH MY GOD! I'VE BEEN HIT FROM BEHIND! I CAN'T GO BACK FOR HIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT! BEFORE THE SHIP BURNS UP!



I'M SORRY, MAN - BUT THERE'S ALWAYS I CAN DO!







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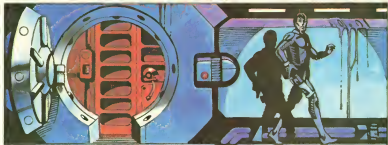
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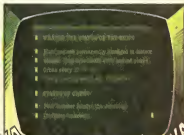
Vicious CIRCLE





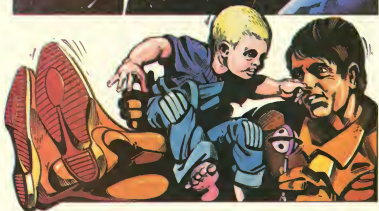












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HE WROTE IN OUR NEW HOME
FROM THE CLINIC WHEN I
FIRST SAW THE LITTLE
GREEN PLANET THROUGH THE
HEAVENLY OF DOCTORS' CLINIC.
I PUT BASS SO MUCH BETTER
BUT THE CLINIC PEOPLE AND I
WANT READY "LET, SHE'S
PHIL!" DOCTORS REDDED THEM.
"LOOK AT HER! SHE'S A
LOVELY LITTLE GIRL."
DOCTORS SO SWEET.

EXCEPT THAT HE'S STUBBORN! SOMETHING I WANTED SO MUCH TO STOP OFF
ON THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GREEN PLANET, BUT DOCTORS SAID HE'D NOT BE
AUTHORIZED," HE SAID, IT WAS CHARTERED "OF COURSE NOT," I TOLD HIM.
THAT'S THE POINT!



WHO WANTS TO LAND IN A WORLD SOMEONE
ELSE HAS ALREADY EXPLORED? BUT DOCTORS
WON'T LISTEN. HE STUCK ME IN THE PLAY-
ROOM WITH BOBBY AND CHRIS AND TOLD
ME TO JUST THINKING ABOUT THE LITTLE
PLANET...

IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT, THAT THE LOUD
CONTINUOUS BEEPING FILLED THE SHIP AND THE
RED "WARNING" LIGHT BEGAN FLASHING ON
THE BRIDGE...



OUT OF NOWHERE CAME THE NOISE! FASTENING
DISPLAY OF HUNDREDS OF YOU EVER SAW! THEN
THE RADAR SCREEN WENT REDDISH THEN!
I THOUGHT THEY WERE REAL ABILITY...



...BUT DOCTORS WEREN'T GLITE SO BETHLEHEM...
ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF THEM BLAMPHED INTO
THE HALL AND THE CONTROL CONSOLE BLEW UP
IN HIS FACE!



STORY AND ART: BRUCE JONES
Colors: Steve Oliff Letters: Carrie McCarthy

MIND



BOBBY BLINDED IN YELLING, "WATNAR, FORTHURTY" IT WAS REAL EXCITING!



THE NEXT THING ANYBODY KNEW, THE GUY WAS KILLING BROTHERS! TO SAID THAT PRETTY LITTLE BROTHER, THE ONE I'D WANTED TO SEE...



BOBBY MADE DUFFY AND HE ESCAPED. HE GOT VERY BOBBY ABOUT IT LIKE ALL BIG BROTHERS, BUT I ADMIRING HIM...



THEN HE GOT ALL STRAIN-FACED AND HAPPY LIKE DUFFY AND ROASTED ABOUT HOW JOE WAS GOING TO BEING IN THE WOODS BUT ALL BY HIMSELF... NO CONSCIOUSNESS!



WELL, IT TURNED OUT HE DIDN'T DO SUCH A GOOD JOB. "ALL BY HIMSELF" HE WERE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF IT ALIVE, WITH ALL CLIPPING HANDS ALL OVER THE CONTROLS. "PULL HER UP!" I SHOUTED, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN...



AND THEN WOULDN'T YOU KNOW, THE FIRST THING HE DID WAS GRAB DUFFY'S GUY AND TAKE CARE OF IT. I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THERE FIRST, BUT THERE WAS SOME IN MY EYE...



THEN BOBBY MADE US OPEN THE WATCH DOOR AND WE LOOKED OUT. DUFFY WAS GONE! HE SHOWERED ANY MORE LANCED. IT WASN'T PRETTY AT ALL!



IT WAS A BROTHER OLD JUMBLE? I DON'T LIKE TO! AND I DON'T LIKE THE WAY BOBBY WAS GIVING ORDERS!



...ESPECIALLY WHEN HE AND DUFFY WERE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN DUFFY BLIND WITH MY HELP!





OWN

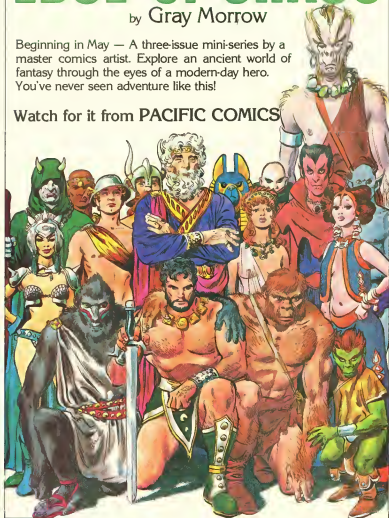


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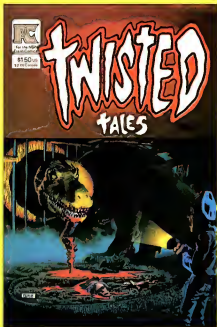


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